

then finally
blackout
wondering....

hell

who's gonna buck
15 carloads of....

One Christmas Away From Home

timeless Ernest in his hairy
buffalo robes
who drove a sleigh in
old-Quebec
in 5 below zero weather
& loved it
was truly a
snowmad saint
with a toothy smile
& smelled of
mustyfur

he was 'old French'
from 'wayback' said he
& all bundled up
he stood
at head of sleigh
talking to his horse
then me
then horse (poor frozenthing with icycles
hanging
on his nose)

& a beard of
frosted slobber
good horse he was
said Ernest
good coat too
buffalo fur
said he pounding
his chest
good weather for
sleighride

just right
i nodded
& after 2 hours
of trotting through
coldglazed city



